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GEORGE ADE

IN

PASTURES NEW

With Pictures by
ALBERT LEVERING

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A MONTH before sailing I visited the floating skyscraper which was to bear us away. It was hitched to a dock in Hoboken, and it reminded me of a St. Bernard dog tied by a silken thread. It was the biggest skiff afloat, with an observatory on the roof and covered porches

The unexpected manner in which the boat turned around has suggested to me a scheme for a revolving apartment house. The building will be set on gigantic casters and will revolve slowly, so that every apartment will have a southern exposure at certain hours of the day, to say nothing of the advantage of getting a new view every few minutes. It is well known that apartments with southern exposure and overlooking the Boulevard command a double rental. When every apartment may have a southern exposure and face the main thoroughfare, think of the tremendous increase in revenues! I explained my scheme for a revolving apartment house to a gentleman from Saint Joe, Mo., whom I met in the smoking room, and he has agreed to give it financial backing.

Our ship was the latest thing out. To say that it was about seven hundred feet long and nearly sixty feet beam and 42,000 tons displacement does not give a graphic idea of its huge proportions. A New Yorker might understand if told that this ship, stood on end, would be about as tall as two Flatiron buildings spliced end to end.

Out in Indiana this comparison was unavailing, as few of the residents have seen the Flatiron Building and only a small percentage of them have any desire to see it. So when a Hoosier acquaintance asked me something about the ship I led him out into Main street and told him that it would reach from the railroad to the Presbyterian church. He looked down street at the depot and then he looked up street at the distant Presbyterian church, and then he looked at me and walked away. Every statement that I make in my native town is received with doubt. People have mistrusted me ever since I came home years ago and announced that I was working.

Evidently he repeated what I had said, for in a few minutes another resident came up and casually asked me something about the ship and wanted to know how long she was. I repeated the Presbyterian church story. He merely remarked "I thought 'Bill' was lyin' to me," and then went his way.

It is hard to live down a carefully acquired reputation, and therefore the statement as to the length of the vessel was regarded as a specimen outburst of native humor. When I went on to say that the boat would have on board three times as many people as there were in our whole town, that she had seven decks, superimposed like the layers of a jelly cake; that elevators carried passengers from one deck to another, that a daily newspaper was printed on board and that a brass band gave concerts every day, to say nothing of the telephone exchange and

his shoulder blades. He was so clean he looked as if he had been scrubbed with soap and then rubbed with holystone. Every German menial on board seemed to have two guiding ambitions in life. One was to keep himself immaculate and the other was to grow a U-shaped mustache, the same as the one worn by the Kaiser.

The boy in charge of the elevator would plead with people to get in and ride. Usually, unless he waylaid them, they would forget all about the new improvement and would run up and down stairs in the old fashioned manner instituted by Noah and imitated by Christopher Columbus.

This boy leads a checkered career on each voyage. When he departs from New York he is the elevator boy. As the vessel approaches Plymouth, England, he becomes the lift attendant. At Cherbourg he is transformed into a garçon d'ascenseur, and as the ship draws near Hamburg he is the Aufzugsbehiuter, which is an awful thing to call a mere child.

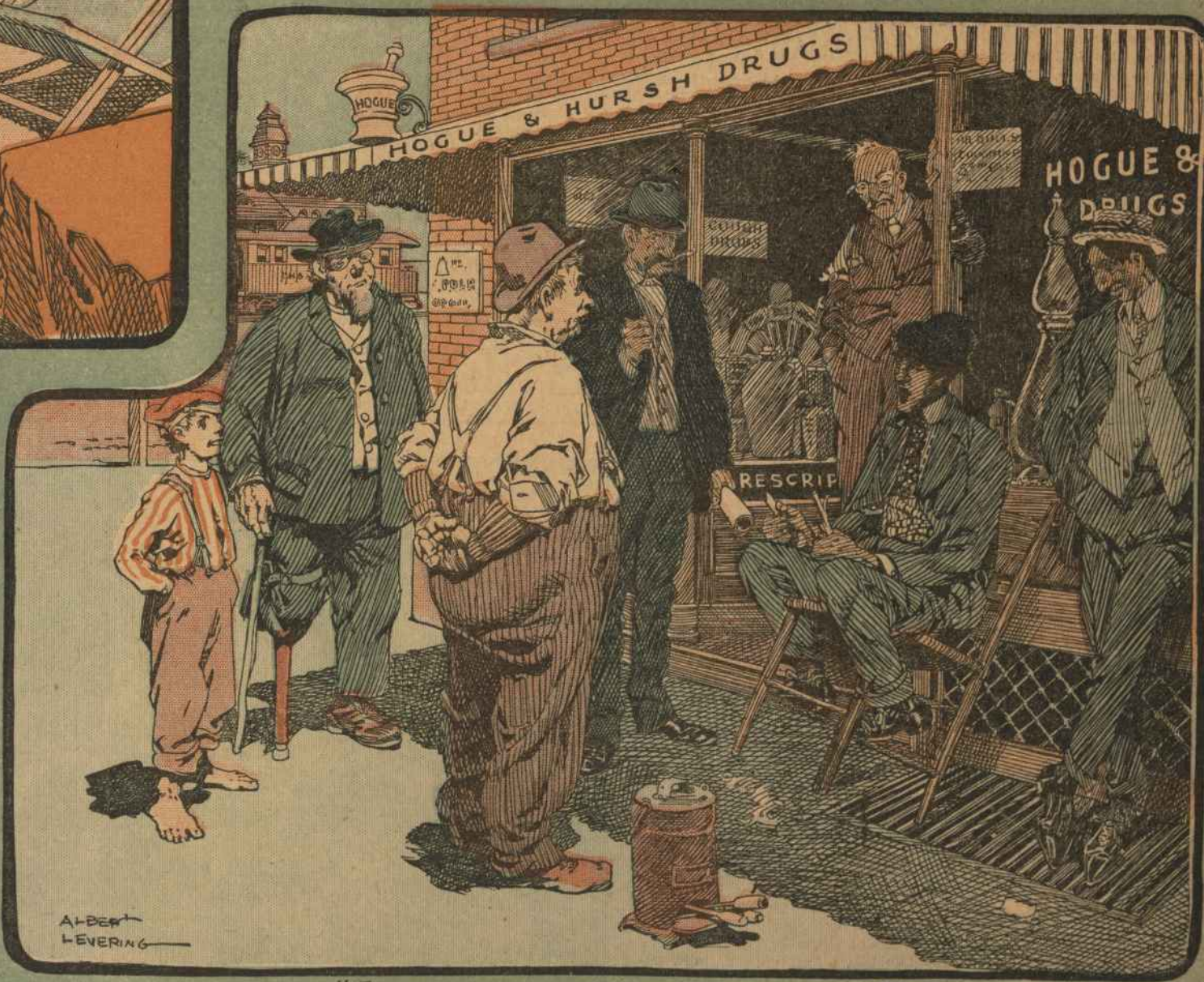
Goodness only knows what will be the ultimate result of present competition between ocean liners. As our boat was quite new and extravagantly up to date, perhaps some information concerning it will be of interest, even to those old and hardened travellers who have been across



I complained to one of the officers.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE WITH MODERN VARIATIONS

BY
GEORGE ADE



"Carry any veterinary surgeons?"

running all the way around. It was a very large boat. After inspecting the boat and approving of it, I selected a room with southern exposure. Later on, when we sailed, the noble craft backed into the river and turned round before heading for the Old World, and I found myself on the north side of the ship, with nothing coming in at the porthole except a current of cold air direct from Labrador.

This room was on the starboard or port side of the ship—I forget which. After travelling nearly one million miles, more or less, by steamer I am still unable to tell which is starboard and which is port. I can tell time by the ship's bell if you let me use a pencil, but "starboard" means nothing to me. In order to make it clear to the reader, I will say that the room was on the "haw" side of the boat. I thought I was getting the "zee" side as the vessel lay at the dock, but I forgot that it had to turn around in order to start for Europe, and I found myself "haw." I complained to one of the officers and said that I had engaged a stateroom with southern exposure. He said they couldn't back up all the way across the Atlantic just to give me the sunny side of the boat. This closed the incident. He did explain, however, that if I remained in the ship and went back with them I would have southern exposure all the way home.

the free bureau of information, then all doubt was dispelled and my local standing as a dealer in morbid fiction was largely fortified.

"How about the skating rink?" asked the druggist. "There is no skating rink, but there is a large gymnasium supplied with mechanical horses and camels, so that a passenger may take a long ride before breakfast."

"Carry any veterinary surgeons?" "No; but two doctors. Also there is a book store and a florist's shop."

It was gospel truth, every word of it, but they listened and tried to keep straight faces, and then broke out and began to laugh. Seeing that I was set down as a hopeless liar, I went on and invented a bowling alley, a billiard hall and a Wednesday night prayer meeting without further compromising myself.

The chief wonder of our new liner (for all of us had a proprietary interest the moment we came aboard) was the system of elevators. Just think of it! Elevators gliding up and down between decks the same as in a modern office building. Very few passengers used the elevators, but it gave us something to talk about on board ship and it would give us something to blow about after we had returned home.

Outside of the cage stood a young German with a blond pompadour and a jacket that came just below

so often that they no longer set down the run of the ship and have ceased sending pictorial post cards to their friends at home.

In the first place, a telephone in every room, connected with a central station. The passenger never uses it, because when he is a thousand miles from shore there is no one to be called up, and if he needs the steward he pushes a button. But it is there—a real German telephone, shaped like a broken pretzel, and any one who has a telephone in his room feels that he is getting something for his money.

After two or three lessons any American can use a foreign telephone. All he has to learn is which end to put to his ear and how to keep two or three springs pressed down all the time he is talking. In America he takes down the receiver and talks into the 'phone. Elsewhere he takes the entire telephone down from a rack and holds it the same as a slide trombone.

In some of the cabins were electric hair curlers. A Cleveland man who wished to call up the adjoining cabin on the 'phone, just to see if the thing would work, put the hair curler to his ear and began talking into the dynamo. There was no response, so he pushed a button and nearly ruined his left ear. It was a natural mistake. In Europe anything attached to a wall is liable to be a telephone.

(CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.)



Explained my scheme to a gentleman from St. Joe, Mo.